

Lovebird Won't Stop Singing by TrashGarbage (HolyCoconut)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - Lawyers, Architect Ben Hanscom, Author Bill Denbrough, Comedian Richie Tozier, Derry (Stephen King) is Terrible, Fashion Designer Beverly Marsh, Hypochondriac Eddie Kaspbrak, Lawyer Eddie Kaspbrak, Lawyer Stan Uris, Librarian Mike Hanlon, M/M, Openly Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Openly Gay Richie Tozier, Past Homophobia (Mentioned), Past Racism (Mentioned), Richie thinking he's funny, Stanley Uris Has OCD, yes Im serious

Language: English

Characters: (mentioned), Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT), Your Mom - Character

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough & Ben Hanscom & Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon, Eddie Kaspbrak & Mike Hanlon & Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Stamley Uris, Richie Tozier/Stamley Uris

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Summary:

“Is this some sort of practical joke, because I must admit, this is a lot of effort on something so useless.”

Richie’s expression didn’t change. “It’s not a joke. Well, it sort of is. I want to have legal ownership of the Your Mom joke.”

Stan blinked slowly. Then, his professional exterior cracked. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

1. Chapter 1

Summary for the Chapter:

“Excuse me?” He spit out, meeting Richie’s eyes over his laptop screen.

“What? Have you never been asked out before?”

Stan tried to remember the last time someone had.

He couldn’t come up with a single credible example.

Notes for the Chapter:

TW:

Mentions of Sex

Stanley really needed to buy better blinds. Ones that didn’t tilt to the side and allow thin strips of sunlight through. He could afford it, so why did he deal with the sun burning through his eyelids every morning?

Stan sat up, rubbing his eyes with thinly veiled annoyance. His eyes stuck together for a few moments, but they eventually cracked open. He turned away from the wide, open window beside his bed to shield himself from anymore eye strain as he slowly woke up.

After a few minutes, his alarm went off. Every day, he was up minutes before it, and he would hate it if he didn’t like getting up early.

Stan liked to look presentable before 6:30, which he supposed would be weird to other people his age. Stan was nearing twenty-four, and he’s gotten comments from past dates, girlfriends, and coworkers that he acts like he’s eighty.

With a long, deep sigh, Stan lifted himself out of bed and checked his phone for any work emails. There were a few, but he didn’t need to reply to them until he got to the office.

He walked over to his closet and opened the doors, pulling his suit off his hanger with gentle hands. He didn’t want the shirt to get

wrinkled– while he had the time to iron it before work, he wasn't jumping at the opportunity to do extra chores.

Stan took a moment to brush his hair out, making sure it was neat and not greasy, before buttoning his shirt up. Each button had to lay flat before he could move on to pulling up his pants. They were paired with a sleek black belt that had a shiny silver buckle. Stan tucked his shirt in, tightened his belt, and then breathed in deeply.

He had to be certain he could breathe, otherwise he'd end up untucking his shirt in the middle of the day. Stan detested the mere thought of looking disheveled in front of his coworkers.

Stan pulled his suit jacket on, making sure it wasn't getting caught in his belt or shirt collar. His hands smoothed it down three times on each side before he could move on. His heart beat refused to slow otherwise.

Finally, he slipped his shoes on, leaning close to his mirror to adjust his shirt again.

Then he checked his watch. 6:15. He still had time to grab breakfast and maybe coffee on his way in.

No, Stan thought, pulling at the bags under his eyes with disdain, Definitely coffee. Maybe makeup too, to cover those up.

Stanley carefully applied some concealer before sliding his leather briefcase over his shoulder. He opened the front door, taking his car key as he left.

It didn't take long to drive to the Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf– it was only ten minutes from his house. The drive was quiet and calculated, and Stanley was content with that silence. There wasn't a need for filling in the blanks when there was a lull in conversation, and Stan didn't tend to listen to the radio. It disrupted the peace he got in the mornings.

By the time he arrived to the office, Stan was the perfect balance of energized and relaxed. He sat down and got to work, answering his emails first. Most of them were inquiries from clients on meeting, or

to add another incident or stipulation to their case. Stanley finished that in no time as it tended to be busy work or tiny tasks that could be done without too much forethought.

Then, he dove into his actual cases. He needed to formulate an argument for Mrs. Katz, who was being accused of assaulting a police officer. The case relied on circumstantial evidence, so it was hard to say who was in the right. Regardless of that, deciding the outcome wasn't Stan's job. All he needed to do was defend Katz, and he was done.

Just as he was getting into writing his questions, there was a knock at the door. Stan looked up and Eddie was standing there. He was holding a coffee in a tight grip and he looked bone tired and ready to complain.

It wasn't uncommon that Eddie showed up to quickly rant while Stan was working. Eddie worked mainly as a prosecutor, so he tended to handle civil cases. He usually had a divorce or financial situation to bitch about. Every time without fail, he genuinely got mad on his client's behalf and that was what made Eddie so valuable.

"Someone's requesting to see you?" Eddie scowled, taking a long sip from his mug.

That didn't normally happen. Stan was usually called or emailed on taking a case, not met personally. They must be a celebrity of some kind. (And even if it was a celebrity, they never showed up. It was always their manager or close friend in their place.)

"Alright. And they told you because...?"

Eddie sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "They thought I was you and burst into my office." Then he stepped out, stomping down the hall to his own office. Stan rolled up his sleeves and moved to sit in the center of the desk instead of behind his laptop.

Seconds after, a man walked in. He was tall, gangly, and kind of reminded Stan of Jack from *Nightmare before Christmas*. Other than that, the man's face didn't make Stan think of a celebrity or anyone important. He had wild black curls and freckles covered nearly every

inch of him.

“You’re here to see me?” He asked, just to make sure. The man smiled and nodded. His eyes were blocked by thick framed glasses that were chipped and smudged. Stan itched to clean them for him.

Instead, he gestured to the seat across from him. The man sat down and Stan outstretched his hand. “Stan Uris. And you are?”

“Richie Tozier.” He responded, shaking Stanley’s hand firmly. In his other hand, Richie held a thick packet. It had Case Brief written at the top of it and Stan nearly rolled his eyes.

“What did you come to ask about?” Stan leaned back a bit in his chair, keeping his hands firmly on the table in front of him.

“I wanted to hire you to take on my case.” He flapped the packet around dismissively. “I wondered if you could have a look at it?”

Stan almost told Richie that he specialized in public defense and not prosecution, but he held his tongue. He was intrigued to say the least.

“Sure, no problem.” Stan took it when it was offered and tried to flatten the once crisp corners of the page with his fingers as he checked that the formatting was correct.

BURBANK COURTHOUSE

TOZIER V. PEOPLE

“DEFENDANT’S MEMORANDUM OF POINTS AND AUTHORITIES DETAILING OWNERSHIP OF YOUR MOM”

Several things jumped out at him. Firstly, Richie seemed to want to sue the entirety of the US court system (which Stan was absolutely not qualified for.) Secondly, the title made Stan double take.

“I... I’m sorry, what exactly are you trying to prove?” Stan asked, setting the packet back down. It was heavier than it should’ve been judging by the title. “Is this some sort of practical joke, because I must admit, this is a lot of effort on something so useless.”

Richie's expression didn't change. "It's not a joke. Well, it sort of is. I want to have legal ownership of the Your Mom joke."

Stan blinked slowly. Then, his professional exterior cracked. "Are you fucking kidding me?" Stan did not cuss at work. And he certainly didn't question a case given to him unless it was below his payrate.

Richie smiled, and Stan was sure he's seen it before. "No, I swear. On God." Richie pointed to the ceiling and Stan sighed.

"I'm Jewish and Atheist." He answered, searching Richie with his eyes. "I can't take this to actual court, sir."

Richie fake sighed, like he didn't see this coming. "Aw man! That sucks." He didn't move to leave and Stan shifted to get back on his computer, assuming that Richie would leave on his own. He did not.

"So if you're not taking my case can I take you out to dinner?"

The question was so jarring and unexpected that Stan couldn't form any words. He was at a loss.

"Excuse me?" He spit out, meeting Richie's eyes over his laptop screen.

"What? Have you never been asked out before?"

Stan tried to remember the last time someone had. He couldn't come up with a single credible example. "I've never been flirted with after I denied their Your Mom Joke case." Okay, good, that technically wasn't a lie.

"So that's a no on the dinner?" Richie asked, as if there was any chance on G-d's green fucking Earth that Stan would say yes. He looked at Richie again. The taller man's eyes were a rich brown.

"What do you think?"

This time he actually seemed disappointed. "Damn. Maybe next time. I'll get out of your hair!"

Richie let himself out, and the door shut behind him. Stan took a

deep breath and finished his questions for his client and the plaintiff. Just as he printed it off, Eddie entered, looking a little more awake.

"You're crazy, Stanny." Eddie blurted, and Stan looked up at him.

"Okay?"

"Look, I heard the whole conversation dude. You should've totally gone for that!" Eddie smacked the back of his hand against his palm.

"Gone for a date with the Your Mom guy?" Stan drawled, and Eddie's eyes blew wide.

"You don't know who that is, huh?"

Stan scoffed. "No? I mean, I figured he was some sort of celebrity but I didn't recognize him."

"That was Richie Tozier!" Eddie said, and Stan sighed.

"I gathered."

"No, Stan. *The* Richie Tozier! The comedian?" Eddie looked like he was two seconds away from grabbing the front of Stan's shirt and violently shaking him.

Comedian makes sense. The case thing must've been for a future bit.

"Doesn't ring a bell. You know I don't watch trash tv, Eds." Stan stood to grab his papers before someone else got them. "Come with me to the printer?"

Eddie nodded, but he also started talking as he followed closely beside Stanley. They were nearly hip to hip. "I really don't get you Stan. You had a celebrity walk into your office spontaneously and ask you on a date. That's something straight out of a romcom! Not to mention that he was hot as fuck, I mean seriously,"

They arrived at the printer room and Stan picked up his packet, straightening out the papers. He made sure they were perfectly aligned before stapling them together.

“Stanny, if that was me, I would’ve snatched him up, let me tell you.” Eddie paused to breathe and Stan snorted.

“Are you done?”

“Just about. Are you going to offer anything or is this going to be a monologue?”

Stan checked the time. “Wanna grab lunch?”

Eddie blinked, taken aback. “Don’t you usually work through lunch?” They started walking back to Stan’s office and Eddie searched Stan with his eyes.

“Yeah, but I figured we haven’t gone out in a while. Besides, I think you need some air.” Stan answered as they approached his door. He looked at Eds through the corner of his eye as he carefully slid his questions into the designated folder.

“Alright.” Eddie was immediately soothed– his face was relaxed and his cheeks were tinged light pink. “When?”

“Now? Unless you have anything pressing to attend to.”

“*Pressing to attend to*’, you sound like a fucking ninety year old.” Eddie mocked him with a high pitched voice even though Stan’s voice was significantly lower than Eddie’s.

“So, now?” Stan lifted his wallet from his briefcase and Eddie sighed.

“Sure. Do you wanna try that Poke place down the street? It just opened.”

Stan thought for a moment before shrugging. “Yeah, why not.” Stan started to walk out and Eddie tapped him on the shoulder with just this side of too much force. Stan didn’t mind because he was used to it.

“Um? Hey asshole, I need to get my wallet.”

“Don’t bother. I’ll take care of it.” Stan opened the door and Eddie went quiet.

“Really Stan, it’s right in there,” Eddie pointed behind himself toward his office.

“I’ve got it. Let me treat you today.” This time when Stan gestured to leave, Eddie followed, looking a little dazed. His face was flushed and Stan felt a little prideful that he managed to get Eddie Kaspbrak of all people to let him pay.

...

“Stanley,” Eddie murmured, entering his office for the third time that day. He was using *that* nickname, which meant he wanted something.

“Yeah Eds?” Stan answered, giving Eddie most of his attention. He subtly checked his watch, and noted that it was nearing 5:30. Eddie usually left around now, and Stan left the office when his boss physically made him. (So that could be any time from 7:00 to 8:30.)

“Would you mind driving me home?” Eddie asked with a soft voice. Stan knew what Eddie meant almost immediately. He checked his to do list and began closing tabs a little haphazardly.

“Give me a few to wrap everything up.” Stan kept his eyes trained on the screen. If he glanced in Eddie’s direction he might just abandon everything without closing it up properly.

Eddie sighed. “Don’t keep me waiting too long.”

Shit, Stan wasn’t planning on it.

Stan led Eddie out after locking his office. Eddie grabbed him by his tie when they got close enough to the car. Stan swallowed hard, leaning in so his tie wasn’t torn or wrinkled too badly.

“C’mon Stanley, are you nervous?” Eddie purred, twisting his fingers around the fabric and tugging him closer.

“Of course not.” Stan breathed. They’d done this dozens of times before.

The first time happened a few years ago after Eddie’s first civil case. Eddie had made the defense lawyer look sloppy and unprepared. The

brunet practically ran circles around them, objecting to nearly everything they said before they finished a sentence. He'd torched the competition so viciously that the other lawyer cried and fell apart out of sheer embarrassment. (Stan decided that day that he never wanted to be on Eddie's bad side.)

The resulting adrenaline high after winning the verdict shocked Stan to his core. Eddie was downright giddy, and used most of his energy roasting the opposing lawyer mercilessly. Stan had waited with him in the bathroom while Eddie habitually washed his hands. Stan wasn't expecting Eddie to grab him by his lapels. Stan had been pinned to the wall as Eddie just took kiss after kiss.

He couldn't even complain about staining his clothes because Eddie was positively feral. He knew exactly what he wanted and how he wanted it, and that made Stan a little weak in the knees.

It became a thing between them, though there weren't any strings attached. Eddie still went on dates frequently, and he often showed up in Stan's office to complain or gush about them. His relationships never seemed to last long, which made Stan a little sad. Eddie deserved someone long term. (Though, he wasn't sure if Eddie wanted that for himself.)

"Stanley." Eddie snapped in front of his face and Stan blinked. "Jesus, did I melt your brain or something?"

"Little bit." Stan murmured. Eddie smirked, his chest puffing up with pride. Then he pushed Stan to the driver's side of the car.

"Come on, I'd like to be in a bed and not the back of your car, like last time." Eddie slid into the passenger seat and Stan sucked in a deep breath, getting behind the wheel.

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Eddie snored in his sleep. Loudly, like thunder.

Stan assumed he was the only friend of Eddie's that knew, considering Eddie's track record with past boyfriends. Eddie also cuddled like an octopus, wrapping his body around the other person

completely.

Stan couldn't complain. Eddie was warm and his blankets were weighted, keeping their body heat inside.

Eddie made a soft noise and pressed his forehead against the back of Stan's neck. Stanley hummed back, reaching over carefully to pull his phone from the nightstand. He made sure the brightness was all the way down before checking the time. It was nearing 9:30, which was thankfully when Stan usually went to sleep.

Unlike Stan, Eddie didn't go to sleep before 11:00 unless he was exhausted. He also wasn't an early riser, tending to show up at work late with an unhealthy amount of caffeine accompanying him. Eddie was going to be so pissed when his alarm went off at 5:45.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

There was one other person in the elevator, and Richie's favorite thing was small talk. "Hey, are you here for Bev's—" Richie's words died in his throat. Stan Uris was standing there in a clean-cut suit, adjusting his cufflinks. Richie felt inferior in comparison, and if the time were right, he would've whistled or jokingly asked Stan to step on him.

Richie cleared his throat. "Stan, right?" He asked, like he didn't already have Stan's name tattooed on the inside of his brain.

Notes for the Chapter:

TW:

Claustrophobia/Panic Attack

Welcome back to Richie Tozier's new Netflix special:
HELLEVATOR

"I made a lawyer lose it a couple days ago." Richie began his set artfully as usual. The crowd burst into laughter just from seeing him. "It's true, it's true, I promise." Richie twirled the mic cord around his finger as he spoke.

"Now, I'm gonna tell you the whole story. But I'm so excited right now, I'm gonna tell you the ending first, I'm gonna tell you the ending, and then we're gonna Tarantino it." The crowd laughed and Richie laughed a little with them. "We're gonna go backwards in time through this joke, and we're gonna figure out what *I* did to make this guy say what he said to me, and this is what he said." Richie practiced this delivery exactly twelve times in his bedroom mirror and three times backstage before actually performing it.

"This is what he said, and I quote," He readied a Voice. "***Are you fucking kidding me?***" Richie tried to perfect what he thought the

other man sounded like. Stan Uris had gone from reasonably polite to downright shocked and horrified. It was absolutely beautiful to watch that transition.

As expected, the crowd exploded with shrieks of laughter and chatter. Richie didn't struggle to talk over the noise. He was used to it. "Let's go back, let's go back. I know right, you're like *What? What is it?* Let's figure it out."

Richie smiled, lifting a water bottle to his lips as he waited for the screaming to die down. Then he started again. "So, here's the beginning. I'm taking you all the way back to 1989, when I was in my Youth." There was confused laughter coming from everyone. "I'm sure you all know just from looking at me that I was King of Your Mom jokes."

Richie paced, feeling his adrenaline spike. He always did love attention. "One could even go as far as saying I... invented them?" Richie paused, two screaming girls from the back caught his attention.

"Now we're fast forwarding to the present, keep up," Richie winked at the crowd. He got light chuckles that time. Hm. Something was clearly wrong with his delivery. He'd have to edit this bit again. "Two weeks ago, I jerked awake at three in the morning. I realized that I *needed* legal ownership of the joke." This was all a lie. Richie continued anyway. "So there I was a few minutes later with a couple pages of a shittily written case brief, and I wondered, who the fuck would look at this and think I was sane?"

"Absolutely nobody, apparently." Richie paused, and thankfully that part was a hit. "I find this guy online, get his office address, and I walk into the wrong door. I was nearly beat to death by this short dude before I realized it wasn't the person I was looking for." Richie held his hand up, miming that the man was nearly 4'9", when in actuality he was probably a good few inches shorter than Richie.

"I walk in, the guy's polite, he shakes my hand, sits me down. And then." Richie chuckled, "Oh, *then*. I pulled it out. It was fifteen pages all about Your Mom." Richie pulls the mic close, "I can see him eyeing it, and he's looking from the packet to me, and I'm thinking

holy shit this guy is going to fucking kill me."

The crowd erupted into laughter and applause, and it was so violent that Richie lost his composure again and chuckled a little bit. Voices were usually a favorite.

"So I wave it around, just so he sees how thick it is, and then I sort of," Richie mimes throwing something. "Smack it down like that. He was still calm and polite, which was absolutely fantastic," Richie pushes down a flush just thinking about how Stan Uris looked. "He asks me if he can read it, so of course I gleefully shove it into his hands like it's Christmas Day."

Originally, he put Chanukah, but his manager told him not everyone would personally understand, and since Christmas is shoved down everyone's throats, it would be more inclusive. Richie wasn't really jived about changing it but hey, he was barely allowed to write his own jokes anymore. He'll take whatever he can get.

"This man's face, holy shit. Let me tell you; it was fucking beautiful to witness. He started off looking passive, then it shifted to mild alarm, complete disbelief, and finally, absolute horror. It was amazing, I wish I got a picture." Richie snapped and sighed jokingly, like he was actually upset.

Richie waited the appropriate amount of time before continuing, falling into his routine of banter with the audience after he finished his story. His joke was, at best, 75% true.

Richie had been driving back from a meeting about two weeks ago. There was a billboard next to the freeway. Richie had meant to only glance at it, and then he nearly crashed his car.

It read: EVERYONE DESERVES A FAIR TRIAL. The name of the firm was written above that, and below... Christ, it might've been the prettiest man Richie had ever seen.

He doesn't usually describe men as pretty or cute, but *fuck*.

This one had angelic blond curls, thin gold glasses perched on his nose, his skin was flawless and unblemished, and everything he wore accented his body perfectly.

Richie suddenly wanted to be arrested.

He could see the headline now, COMEDIAN RICHARD TOZIER COMMITS PETTY THEFT TO GET INTO A LAWYER'S PANTS.

Richie got home, and against his better judgement, the first thing he did was google the law firm. He searched through their website before finding him. His name was Stan Uris and he was drop dead gorgeous, even if he was wearing a dorky sweater vest.

Richie sucked in a deep breath, wrote down the address to the firm and then he began writing the monstrosity that scared Stan away.

Honestly, he didn't think his pick-up line would work, but there was an excuse to see the man in person. To shake his hand and be in his presence for a moment, drinking in everything he could as subtly as humanly possible.

And sure, he saw the rejection coming, but it still stung. He'd kind of hoped Stan would be charmed by him for some reason.

Maybe it was his loneliness talking. Or the lust. He couldn't really differentiate when it came to Stan.

Richie went to bed that day after writing down what happened so he could use it for a stupid bit. He hoped Stan would never see it– which was highly likely considering Stan didn't seem to recognize him at all.

Richie spent the next couple days dicking around, doing some standup here and there, until it came time for one of Bev's shows. She's given him an invitation for it months ago, wanting to be sure that he could attend. She was apparently doing a preview for her next line, which meant it was really a friends only event. Richie's fashion sense was garbage, but he was always willing to support her. Beverly was one of his closest friends– they grew up together. Him, Beverly, Bill, and Ben were the losers of their hometown, and Richie can't remember a time he wasn't with them.

That morning, Richie got up early to shower. He knew Bev wouldn't appreciate it if he showed up looking dirty or like his usual crusty ass

self. And if he thought about Mr. Public Defense in the shower, that was his problem.

He dressed semi-casually, pulling on his usual oversized denim jacket and graphic tee. He did pick a pair of black jeans that weren't ripped though and made sure his boots weren't too torn up.

Richie arrived at her building late in the afternoon. Bev didn't like early morning showings, which she's given excuses for in the past. Richie personally knows that Beverly is having affair with sleeping in late. She's been a night owl since they were young.

Bev's apartment building was sleek, modern, and almost exclusively glass. Richie entered, not being stopped by anyone. The security guards knew him by name. There was a small sign in the hallway with Beverly's sweet cursive on it. She'd drawn an arrow pointing to the left, reading Twelfth Floor, and the arrow below pointing to the right said BOOZE, in Ben's neat capitalized writing.

Richie could hear idle chatter and clinking glasses coming from the right. Clearly, she'd gotten permission to set up some sort of bar in the lobby.

Richie wisely picked the arrow to the elevator, not glancing up from his phone as he entered. He went to press the twelve button, when he noticed it was already lit up. There was one other person in the elevator, and Richie's favorite thing was small talk.

"Hey, are you here for Bev's—" Richie's words died in his throat. Stan Uris was standing there in a clean-cut suit, adjusting his cufflinks. Richie felt inferior in comparison, and if the time were right, he would've whistled or jokingly asked Stan to step on him.

Stan looked up, long eyelashes framing icy blue eyes. His fingers fumbled when he recognized Richie, and he pursed his lips, his pupils darting around for somewhere else to look. Richie swallowed nervously.

Stan's eyes had fixed on the screen displaying the floor numbers.

"Uh, long time no see?" Richie chuckled, watching the number 5

appear. Great, this would be awkward as fuck. Richie cleared his throat. “Stan, right?” He asked, like he didn’t already have Stan’s name tattooed on the inside of his brain.

“Yes.” Stan answered coldly. Richie hadn’t expected anything less.

“Uh, I’m Richie. You know—”

“The Your Mom guy. Yes, I remember.” Stan smoothed his hands over his sides, pressing down non-existent wrinkles. Richie chuckled uncomfortably. The stick up this guy’s ass must be 30 feet long.

“Nice to know I’m memor—” Richie wasn’t cut off by Stan or the tense vibe this time. The elevator jerked to a stop between floors 9 and 10, and then there was a grinding metallic noise above them.

Richie felt his breathing slow and he backed up, grabbing the handrail with his hands. The elevator shuddered, vibrating furiously in place before dropping.

Richie screamed, his hands slipping on the metal rail. He pushed himself up against the wall, feeling his legs give out beneath him. There was a loud crunching noise above them, like a spring snapped, and the elevator jumped– stopping abruptly.

Richie couldn’t breathe.

He didn’t know which floor they were on anymore.

“Oh my god, holy fuck, holy shit, oh my god oh my god,” Someone was mumbling frantically.

Richie’s hands slipped from the rail and he fell on his ass. He couldn’t even think about getting back up.

“Hey, hey, we’re fine, it’s stopped,” Someone whispered.

His hands were trembling, just like the elevator was a few moments ago. Fuck, he was trapped, he was stuck, it was going to close in on him and *he was stuck*, he’ll never get out–

Someone cupped his cheeks and Richie took a breath like he’d

resurfaced from being tossed in the ocean. The hands were cold, manicured, and smelled strongly of hand sanitizer.

“That’s it, just keep breathing, it’s gonna be fine. You’re going to be okay.”

Richie tried to listen, but everything was muffled. There was a low ding from the elevator and another metallic clang– from below them this time. Someone whimpered, and *oh*, that was him making those noises.

“Shhh, you’re okay. It was just settling. It’s not going to drop again.”

Richie blinked, reaching up to wipe his face. Tears had been streaming down his cheeks. “I’m sorry,” He choked, flicking stray tears to the side.

“Nothing to be sorry about.” The voice was smooth and comforting, and...

Richie looked up, *really looked*, and his braincells finally started functioning. *Stan* was holding him, kneeling on the elevator floor. His expensive looking slacks were picking up quite a bit of dust, and his jacket was wrinkled around his waist.

“Shit, sorry, sorry oh my god,” Richie smacked his hand over his mouth. How many times had he said *that*? Richie may not be particularly religious, and he doesn’t practice as intensely as other Jewish families in his area, but he was absolutely going to get shit from his rabbi for ‘taking the Lord’s name in vain.’ It was one of the few rules he promised that he wouldn’t break.

“It’s fine, I get it. It was scary.” Stan answered, not sounding remotely worried or scared. His voice brought Richie out of his second wave of panic.

“How many times did I,” Richie struggled to remember but he needed to know. “This is going to sound stupid and ridiculous but how many times did I say it?”

Stan’s eyebrows pressed together, and he studied Richie with his eyes. “Say what?”

Richie grumbled, looking away from Stan's eyes. "The Lord's name." He struggled to not tack on 'or whatever' at the end. It would've preserved his dignity but gotten him more shit later on.

Stan hummed, looking skeptical. "Five or six times I think."

Richie smacked himself in the forehead, gritting his teeth. Stan shifted so he was kneeling more comfortably. Richie struggled to not track the movement with his eyes. "Religious type?" Stan asked and Richie scoffed.

"Not really. My rabbi is just really fucking strict about this in particular and my Trashmouth can't seem to handle one simple limit." Richie ground his teeth together, the sharp pressure slowing his heartbeat a little bit.

"Trashmouth?" Stan prompted, moving so he could sit beside Richie instead of in front of him.

"Bill came up with it when we were younger." Richie wrapped his arms around his knees, trying to breath shallowly.

"Who's Bill?"

Richie answered instinctively. "Childhood friend. He'll be 'round tonight if he doesn't flake on us again. He keeps saying shit about workshops and mentor meetings, but I think he just doesn't like getting black out drunk with Beverly and I."

"Beverly Marsh gets drunk at her own shows?" Stan asked, sounding uncomfortable. He must not have met Bev in person. (If he had, he wouldn't be dressed so formally.)

"They're more like parties when she does previews like this." Richie noticed that his throat had relaxed. He could breathe easier.

"Would've been nice if Eddie told me that." Stan huffed to himself.

"Is Eddie a friend of Bev's?" Beverly hadn't talked about an Eddie or a Stan recently, and when Bev meets new people, she gushes about them for hours. Beverly's really blossomed into the social butterfly they knew she would be.

Derry had tried to stamp her fire out, but she didn't let it stop her. Richie was really glad she didn't. If anyone deserved to be in the spotlight, it was her.

"I suppose so. Eddie said something about meeting her in community college before he took the Bar. I guess they stayed in touch and well... here I am." Stan smoothed his jacket out, turning his nose up at the wrinkles.

"Damn, community college, huh?" Richie mused, "That must've been a couple years ago." Inside, Richie was plotting to whine to Bev for not introducing him to the brunet. Eddie had been feisty, stupidly cute, and foulmouthed. He was absolutely Richie's type and Richie was going to give her hell for it.

"Yeah. Seems like just a second ago I was sitting the Bar." Stan's mouth twisted. "If I had to do it over again, I think I'd scream."

Richie had not heard much about the Bar Exam; other than how stressful it was. "What's it like?"

"Hell." Stan spat out, leaning his head back on the elevator wall. His hair curled beautifully around his face and Richie swallowed hard. "I took the three-day version, but there's been discussion over changing it to two."

"It takes three days?" Richie asked, sincerely glad that he was comedically talented. He hasn't had to take an exam in years, and he wasn't planning on taking another for the rest of his life.

Stan opened his mouth to respond and the elevator shook. Richie grabbed onto Stan's arm instinctively, curling into himself. The elevator door wrenched open and Richie relaxed.

Then he remembered himself and let go of Stan with a mumbled apology. Stan reassured him that it was fine.

Thankfully, they were sitting just below the 5th floor. The mechanic who forced the door open reached through the gap with both hands to pull them out. Stan patted him on his lower back.

"You first." He murmured, gently pushing Richie forward.

Richie took the man's hands and then he squeezed through the gap.

"Damn, you're a lighter than you look." The mechanic said humorously, and Richie forced a chuckle.

"I get that a lot."

The mechanic seemed to struggle pulling Stan out, but eventually he managed. Stan brushed himself off, thanking the man profusely. Stan then turned to Richie.

"Should we take the stairs?" Stan asked, pointing behind himself to the door.

If Richie hadn't decompressed, he would've laughed in Stan's face and fucked off back home. Now he was feeling lighter, and a little more like himself.

"Lead the way, Stan the Man." Richie had a nasty habit of assigning stupid nicknames to people. Though, Richie tends to only give them to people he likes. (He was so unbelievably screwed.)

"That's new." Stan commented, but didn't say much else. He started up the staircase, keeping his hands out; like he was expecting Richie to fall or need sudden support. Richie flushed nervously, and his heart didn't stop pounding until they got to Bev's front door.

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

“You guys are a weird couple.”

“Like you have any right to judge on Weird.”

Notes for the Chapter:

TW:

Drunk Eddie

Short 1-2 Sentence describing an OCD induced episode

Flirting/Mentions of Sex

Stanley turned the door handle, immediately being hit with the sound of laughter and loud music. Richie had been right, it was being treated as a party.

He scanned the room, trying to ignore Richie's presence close behind him, and then he heard loud, *familiar*, shrieking laughter.

Eddie was standing in the corner on the left side of the room, a blue cup held in both hands. He had a casual sweater and his usual short shorts on, paired with scuffed tennis shoes. And he was laughing at Stan.

Stan forgot himself, stomping over to the brunet with his nice black dress shoes. “You little shit!” Stan growled, knowing deep in his soul that Eddie did this on purpose. Stan tried to grab him but Eddie slipped out of his grasp just in time. He had a giddy smile on his face.

“You look like such a jackass!” Eddie cackled. Stan successfully picked him by the waist and the brunet reached out to hold him by his lapels. He was undoubtedly wrinkling them to piss Stan off more.

“I hate you so much!” Stan lifted him off the ground, but Eddie just kept laughing.

“Aw! C'mon Stanny, don't be mad!” Eddie's cheeks looked red when they were this close, but Stan figured that was Eddie just being touch

starved.

“You’re a cuck. I demand you make it up to me.” The blond huffed. Eddie gave him puppy eyes, and Stan cursed himself for being so easily manipulated. He relaxed his grip, letting Eddie’s feet touch the floor. Eddie didn’t let him go, keeping his hands firmly on Stan’s collar.

“I can’t promise that.” Eddie leaned closer, like he was going in for a kiss. Stan’s heart fluttered in his chest and he glanced around the room nervously. Then, like an asshole, Eddie laughed again and pulled away.

Stan took his hands off Eddie’s hips and coughed nervously. He adjusted his collar and his jacket from where Eddie had wrecked it. As he was smoothing the fabric down, he remembered who he walked in with. Stan turned around to look for him, but Richie Tozier was nowhere to be found.

He had blended in seamlessly– which; judging by who he was, wasn’t that surprising. Richie definitely seemed to be the partying type.

“Stan?” Eddie nudged him curiously.

“Sorry,” Stan mumbled, “I zoned out for a second.”

“More like a hot second, Jesus Stan, I thought you were having a stroke.” Eddie sniped, taking a sip of his drink. He immediately winced.

“First drink of the night?”

Eddie grumbled, taking another small sip of the clear liquid. “Yeah. Didn’t want to get drunk before you showed up.” Eddie was the type to have a single glass of white wine and get instantly shitfaced.

“Figured.” Stan looked around the room for a bar of some sort. Within moments Eddie pushed a cup into his face. It smelled like rubbing alcohol and Stan scoffed. “Vodka, really?”

“Would you prefer boxed wine or *beer*?” Eddie looked at him pointedly, eyebrows raised into his hairline.

Stan rolled his eyes, but he drank anyway. Eds knew him well, and that was a power Stan can't recall handing over.

After a few moments of companionable silence between the two, Eddie's eyebrows furrowed. It was a telltale sign that he needed something clarified.

"Why were you late? In all the years I've known you, you've never been late. Not once." Eddie accused, narrowing his eyes. Stan simply scoffed in response, looking into his drink instead of at the other man. "Did something happen?"

"Why would you assume something happened?" Stan deflected. He was good at that.

"Because I know you, asshole. You would literally rather die than be five minutes late." Eddie spit it all out at 300 mph, only briefly pausing to down the rest of his drink. Stan said nothing, thumbing the side of his cup instead.

Eddie elbowed him hard in the side.

"You'll be jealous if I tell you." Stan answered calmly, like it hadn't been forced out of him.

Eddie groaned and narrowed his eyes. "I'll be angry if you *don't*. Lot of buildup for nothing, Stanny."

"You guys are a weird couple."

Stan jumped, vodka nearly spilling from the mouth of his cup. Eddie chose to cuss loudly and turn toward the sound of the eavesdropper with an offending glare.

Richie Tozier had reappeared out of seemingly nowhere, leaning against the table behind them. Upon seeing who it was, Eddie dissolved.

"Um... I, well," Eddie stammered, his jaw open wide enough to fit a golf ball in his mouth.

"Like you have any right to judge on Weird." Stan answered

smoothly. Eddie turned to him with wide, angry eyes. It translated to *Stanley, shut the fuck up Right Now.*

Eddie's expression faltered when Richie cackled in response. "Touché!"

Stan threw back the rest of his drink, trying to suppress the blush that wanted to rise on his cheeks. Richie did have a nice smile, even if it came off as mocking most of the time.

"Damn, going hard tonight huh?" Richie asked, his eyes glinting with interest behind thick frames. "It's not a high school party."

Stan decided to ignore that, dropping his empty cup in the small trashcan beside the couch.

"What about you?" Eddie blurted, which was just... Weird. "Are you... not drinking or something?" He took a minute to get his words out, and Stan realized Eddie was reaching tipsy. He must've gotten another cup when Stan wasn't looking.

"Someone needs to babysit Bev and Bill." Richie pointed toward two people in the middle of the 'dance floor.' The woman had short fiery-red curls, and Stan had to admit, she was one of the most beautiful people he had seen. Her eyes were bright, and they seemed to draw everyone in. The man laughing beside her was incredibly attractive as well, his wild auburn hair swept out of his face in thick waves. He had a lanky frame like Richie, but he actually filled it out better.

"So Bill showed up?" Stan asked conversationally.

"Yeah, shocker." Richie rolled his eyes with a fond smile on his face.

"Did you guys... talk more?" Eddie blurted gracelessly, studying Stan with hazy eyes.

"Sure... 'talked.'" Richie winked obnoxiously and made a lewd gesture. Stan let him do it. He had a sneaking suspicion that Richie didn't want him to bring up his panic attack.

"We got stuck in the elevator. 'S why I was late, Eds." Stan supplied, fidgeting without anything to occupy his hands. He started fixing his

hair out of habit, fiddling with the bobby pins sticking his yarmulke in place.

“Eds? What the fuck, where’s my cute ass nickname?” Richie interrupted, as Eddie was still processing the information in his tipsy state.

“Would you like it if I started calling you Trashmouth, like everyone else?” Stan’s glare wasn’t as strong as he usually made it. It was ridiculous, but he could feel himself softening around the stupid comedian. Maybe it was the vodka.

“But that isn’t cute!” Richie whined, clasping his hands together. “Please Stan, Staniel, Stan the Man, Stan with the Plan–”

“Quit it,” Stan huffed quietly.

“Does Chee work?” Eddie mumbled, swaying nervously on his feet. His eyes were half-lidded, and Stan knew Eddie was edging toward fully drunk now. His words were strangely clear though, contradicting his body language completely. He must’ve been thinking for a while.

Richie cheered, “Oh, Eds you beautiful angel!”

The brunet’s cheeks went scarlet and Stan recognized that look immediately. Flirty drunk Eddie was gearing up to attack.

“Tread lightly Tozier,” Stan hissed– but he wasn’t fast enough.

“You’re the beautiful one,” Eddie nearly purred.

Richie choked on air. His cheeks went a similar shade of red and Stan rolled his eyes. He turned toward the bar; Might as well get plastered while his friend tries to fuck a celebrity.

Stan pulled a cup carefully from the stack and... And then he stopped. The cups weren’t stacked neatly enough.

He adjusted the tower, and after some careful deliberation, he divided it into two smaller ones. Air filled his lungs and Stan cursed himself for getting too caught up with little insignificant things.

He filled his cup with vodka and sprite, because Eddie was right. Everything else had no business going anywhere near his body. Stan turned back around, taking a sip from his cup. This time it went down easier.

He almost spit it back up when he saw Eddie plastered against Richie's side with a hand curled in his hair. Eddie's lips were curled up in a smirk as he wrapped his mouth around each word. Richie was nodding along, looking a little dazed.

Then he and Richie met eyes.

And Richie gently pushed Eddie off of him. Stan approached carefully, trying to break the eye contact. Richie wouldn't let him.

"Hey, I'm sorry, is he usually like this when he drinks?" Richie asked with a hushed voice, like Eddie would actually be listening.

"Yeah. He's a horny drunk." Stan responded with his trademark flat voice. Richie winced.

"I'm so sorry... I was teasing earlier but you guys actually seem good together and having your boyfriend--"

Stan fumbled with his cup. "Eddie and I aren't dating. We're just friends."

Richie looked shocked. "...Really? You're not?"

"No. We aren't. We did grow up together, so it's a lot closer than an average friendship." Stan did not bring up having sex with Eddie on the side considering Eddie was plastered and Stan doesn't like talking about sex outside the bedroom.

"Oh, I get it." Richie's mouth morphed into an easy lopsided grin. His eyes were locked somewhere behind Stan, and the blond had a feeling he knew who Richie was looking at.

"Chee, I want attention," Eddie whined from the couch. He was cuddled up with a throw pillow like a cat.

Richie looked at Stan nervously. "*I don't know what to do.*" He

mouthed, even though Eddie cannot even attempt to listen to their conversation in this state.

“I’ll take him home Richie, don’t worry. Watch your friends.” Stan reminded him, sidestepping into Eddie’s view. The brunet brightened.

“Stanley! When did you get here!” Eddie reached out for him and Stan rolled his eyes.

Someone was snickering behind him, and Stan glanced to see Richie laughing into his hand. “*Stanley?*” He mouthed again with a grin that clearly communicated *That is the funniest fucking thing I have ever heard.*

Stan flipped him off, lifting Eddie up at the same time. The brunet grabbed his lapels again and leaned his face into Stan’s neck.

“I’m sleepy,” Eddie mumbled, fisting the fabric in his hands. Stan tried to not be mad about it getting wrinkled and messed up.

“I know Eds,” Stan hummed, and then turned to meet eyes with Richie, who was still waiting there. “I think we’re gonna call a taxi. I don’t trust myself to drive.” He didn’t even feel a little bit tipsy, but Stan would never forgive himself if they got into a wreck or happened to be pulled over.

Richie gave him a thumbs up, and then he disappeared. That seemed to be the confirmation the taller man was looking for.

“Stanley, you’re so... s-so, pretty.” Eddie’s fingers made a home in his hair, pulling at individual corkscrew curls to watch them bounce back into shape. “I love your hair. I want babies that have your hair.”

Stan coughed, looking around to see if anyone was listening. “Sure thing Eds.”

“You promise?” Eddie whined, and– yeah. That was Eddie’s mouth on his neck. And not in the hot way. He was just mouthing at Stan’s skin because he was drunk and probably lost control of his motor skills.

“Mhm, I promise, I’ll give you tons of babies with curly hair. Let’s get home first, okay?” Stan just finished talking when a dainty hand

touched him on the shoulder.

“You guys are so cute,” A feminine voice commented. Stan craned his neck to look and Beverly Marsh was standing there with the sweetest smile on her face. She was even more beautiful up close.

“Ah. Thanks.” Stan commented stiffly, unsure how to act. He had no idea what kind of person Beverly was, but from what he’d heard she sounded nice enough.

“I worried about Eddie for a while with the whole... dating thing. But he seems to really like you.” Beverly’s smile became blinding then, and Stan flushed. He could tell Richie, but not her. Something was stopping him from disappointing this woman he’d never officially met.

“Don’t worry I’ve um...” Stan readjusted, holding Eddie a little closer. The brunet whined at the change. “I’ve got him.”

“Yeah.” She took her hand away, clasping them in front of herself. “You do.” Her voice was soft, and filled to the brim with gratitude. Then, her smile shifted into something more professional. “Thank you for coming with him tonight.”

“No problem.” Stan answered, feeling a little out of it.

He called a taxi outside with one hand, because Eddie refused to be dropped for even a moment. After little deliberation, Stan decided to just take Eddie home with him. He couldn’t afford two stops and he also didn’t have the patience.

Eddie could borrow his clothes and be pissy about it.

Three or so minutes passed and the car rolled up to them. Stan approached after checking the license plate to confirm it was the right car.

The woman asked for his name, and he gave it. Then she unlocked the doors and Stan had to wrestle a drunk and affectionate Eddie Kaspbrak into the seat beside him.

“Buckled up?” The woman asked, already pressing her foot on the

gas.

Stan clipped the seatbelt over Eddie's chest, and the brunet whined with annoyance. "Yes."

Stan preferred to not talk in taxis. He was socially awkward at best, cold and borderline mean at worst. It was better for him to just stay silent.

The ride was rocky, and the car smelled like cigarettes. Eddie lacked his usual impulse control, so he spent most of the drive whisper-yelling to Stan about lung cancer and second hand smoke. Stan didn't even try to shut him up— he knew it would be a fruitless endeavor.

The car pulled up to Stan's apartment and the woman said nothing but the price. She was undoubtably uncomfortable. Stan cracked open his wallet and handed over more money than necessary as a sorry for having to deal with them.

Stan carefully helped Eddie out, (the brunet had gotten tangled in his seatbelt), and then he gave a half assed goodbye and a thank you to the driver. She peeled off the second the door shut behind them both.

"Stanleyyy, what are we doing here?" Eddie giggled, trying to slip his hands into Stan's suit. The blond obviously didn't let him and searched for his key instead. "Are you kidnapping me? 'S hot,"

"I wanted to keep an eye on you, Eds." Stan fished his key out of his internal pocket and opened the door to the lobby. Eddie followed close behind, his chest just barely touching Stan's back.

"What did you want to watch?" Eddie answered 'innocently.' If Stan didn't know him well enough, he would've thought the flirtatious smirk on Eddie's face was a regular smile.

Stan rolled his eyes and led the brunet to the elevator. Eddie seemed put out that the blond hadn't responded, if his pout was anything to go by. Stan knew he was pissed when Eddie's hand slipped beneath the hem of his jacket, sliding up his back.

"Eddie you're drunk. We're going upstairs and going to bed." Stan made sure his voice was stern enough and Eddie crumpled like a

piece of tinfoil.

“You’re so mean Stanny,” He whined, taking his hand anyway.

“I know Eds. I’m cold blooded.” Stan replied with a straight face. Eddie groaned and leaned his head back against the elevator wall.

“Evil. Vile nasty man.” Eddie grumbled, “You look like an angel but you’re actually Satan.” The quirk of his lips gave away that Eddie was really pleased with himself for that insult. “Satan Stan... Statan...” Eddie mumbled under his breath with a giggle.

Stan simply hummed his agreement, knowing if he said anything else Eddie would either not listen to it or talk over him with more ‘insults.’ The elevator came to a smooth stop (which was a relief), and Stan helped Eddie out. The brunet was still stumbling even though he only had a few vodka sodas. Dumbass.

“Stop smiling like that,” Eddie pressed his hand over Stan’s mouth with a frown.

“Like what?” Stan replied, taking Eddie’s hand off of him. It didn’t take much effort since Eddie was acting like his bones were rubber.

“Like a stupid idiot.” Eddie paused, tipping to the side so his head could lean on Stan’s shoulder. “Dumb... stupid head.”

They made it to Stan’s apartment and the blond pushed his doormat back into place with his shoe. It was always knocked away from his door by his neighbors, skewing it to one side.

It wasn’t hard to unlock his door, but it was an interesting process getting Eddie inside.

First the brunet refused to come in, then he nearly tripped, he complained about Stan’s apartment not being clean enough (which was ridiculous because it was immaculate), and then Eds refused to wear the pajamas Stan had picked out for him because, “The shirt’s shade of blue is more wish-washed out than the pant’s shue... shade, I’m not wearin’ this, Stanley.”

Stan just forked over one of his t-shirts and a pair of boxers, which

was apparently more acceptable than a matching set of real pajamas. Eddie thankfully went to bed with little complaint, and Stan breathed a sigh of relief. He dressed himself, hanging his suit up on the left side of the closet to remind himself that it needed to be dry cleaned. When Stan finally got into bed, Eddie was already snoring loudly and stealing all the blankets.

Thank Christ tomorrow is Saturday.

Notes for the Chapter:

its literally killing me splitting up the losers club but
on god ill do it for the plot of this godforsaken story
For Reference they're split up like this:
Stan, Mike, Eddie / Ben, Beverly, Bill, Richie

Author's Note:

Tumblr: @holybeecoconut
im so sorry im a sucker for lawyer aus i had to do
this